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Love is the Magnet

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LOVE IS THE MAGNET.

Sung by LEO DRYDEN.

'Tis when an exile says farewell,
His heart feels more than tongue can tell ;
Glist'ning teardrops in his eye
Speak what trembling lips deny—
Affection fond—and love most true—
One last embrace—one last adieu—
'Tis only those who love can tell
How sad it is to say farewell !

Chorus.

There is a charm that draws us home, Home once again ;
Father, mother, sisters and brothers, are waiting across the main
While we are toiling for shining gold over the stormy foam—
" Love is the magnet " that draws us back to the dear old home.

Our soldiers at their post will keep
The night watch while their comrades sleep,
But when the bugle loudly rings,
In the ranks the soldier springs.
But when grim Death it threatens all—
Each man will like a soldier fall—
Still, rolling seas cannot divide,
Sweet mem'ry keeps friends by his side.

Chorus—What is the charm, &c.

The compass guides the sailor's track,
But what's the charm that brings him back ?
In his visions on the main
There's a charm that soothes his pain—
His home, where once he was a boy—
More dear than gold without alloy—
A sister—brother—lass or wife—
A mother's love more dear than life.

Chorus—That is the charm, &c.